

MRS. LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY, 1841.

REV. JNO. HENRY WHITE, Forsythe Co., N. C.

1. On - ward! on - ward! men of hea - ven, Rear the gos - pel ban - ner high! Star of ev - 'ry Pa - gan sky!

Reet not, till its light is giv - en,

1st time. *2d time.* FINE.

Omit 2d time.

D.C. Bid the red - brow'd for - est ran - ger Hail it ere he fades a - way. FINE.

Rear it where the pil - grim - stran - ger Faints in A - sia's burn - ing ray;

D.C.

2. Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread the page of wonders,
Bid its healing radiance flow.
India marks its lustre stealing;
Shiv'ring Greenland loves its rays;
Afrie's sons, in deserts kneeling,
Pour, at length, their strains of praise.
3. Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit tho' they be,
Show that light to ev'ry creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free.
Lo! they haste to ev'ry nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.
- D.C.

O TELL ME NO MORE. 10s & 11s. Anapæstic.

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REV. JOHN GAMBOld, of England.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1. O tell me no more, Of this world's vain store; The time for such tri - fles, With me now is o'er; A coun - try I've found, Where

2. The souls that be - lieve, In Par - a - dise live; And me in that number will Je - sus re - ceive: My soul, don't de - lay, Ha

3. No mortal doth know What He can be - stow, What light, strength, and comfort; Go af - ter Him, Go! Lo! onward I move, T'a

4. Great spoils I shall win From death, hell, and sin, Midst outward affliction Shall feel Christ within: And when I'm to die, "Receive me!" I'll cry; For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5. But this I do find, We two are so join'd He'll not live in glory And leave me behind; So, this is the race I'm running thro' grace, Henceforth, till admitted To see my Lord's face.

6. And now I'm in care My neighbors may share These blessings; to seek them Will none of you dare! In bondage, oh why, And death will you lie, When one here assures you Free grace is so nigh!

true joys a - bound, To dwell I'm de - termin'd On that hap - py ground.

calls, thee a - way; Rise, fol - low thy Sav - ior, And bless the glad day.

cit - y a - bove; None guess - es how wond'rous My jour - ney will prove.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

First verse, REV. JNO. ATKINSON.

HENRY E. ENGLE, of West Virginia.

1. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, By and by, by and by;
And the dark - ness will be o - ver, By and by, by and by: With the toil - some jour - ney done,

D.C. We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, By and by.

And the glo - rious bat - tle won,

D.C.

2. Down with all of earth's delusion,
By and by! by and by!
War and strife, and sin's confusion,
By and by! by and by!
We shall rest our pilgrim feet,
On the shores where lov'd ones meet,
There to dwell in bliss complete,
By and by! by and by!

3. Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high!
Glory to the Lamb forever!
Glory be to God Most High!
Glory to the Holy Spirit!
Witnesser of Jesus' merit:
Glory, thro' the earth and heaven,
To the Triune God be giv'n!

REV. C. WESLEY, 1744.



1. Light of those whose drear - y dwell - ing Bor - ders on the shades of death, Come, and by Thy love re - veal - ing,

1. The new heav'n and earth's Cre - a - tor, In our deep - est dark - ness rise; Scatt' - ing all the night of nat - ure,



Dis - si - pate the clouds be - neath,

Pour the day up - on our eyes.

3. Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Ev'ry poor benighted heart.
4. Come, and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou universal Savior,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.
5. Save us, in Thy great compassion,
Oh Thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins!
6. By Thy all-restoring merit,
Ev'ry burden'd soul release;
Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

REV. JOSEPH EDMESTON, of England, 1820.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1. Sa - vior, breathe an eve - ning bless-ing, Ere re pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con -

2. Tho' de - struction walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - row past us fly, An - gel guards from Thee sur -

fess - ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

round us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3. Tho' the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heav'n awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom!

JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

MISS DOROTHY ANN THURPP, 1830.

1. Savior, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy fold prepare.
2. We are Thine; do Thou befriend us;
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock; from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray.
3. Thou hast promis'd to receive us,
Poor and sinful tho' we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.
4. Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Savior,
With Thy grace our bosoms fill.

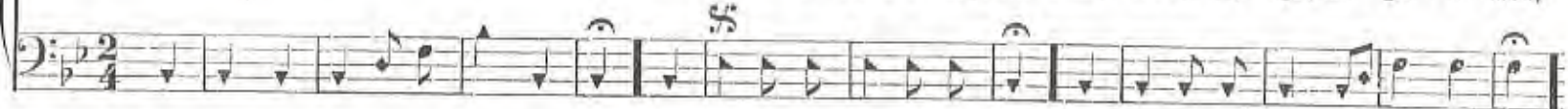
Arr'd by Wm. HAUSER, M. D., Feb. 21st, 1875.



1. There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, (My heart and my treasure are there) Where verdure and blossoms nev - er fade,



D.C. faith its de - lights I ex - plore; Come, fa - vor my flight, an - gel - ic bands,



FINE. CHORUS.



And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair; That bliss - ful place is my Fa - ther - land, By



And wait me in peace to that shore!

FINE.



2. There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
For there is the palace of God.—CHO.

3. There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who worshipp'd and suff'rd with me;
Exalted with Christ, high on His throne,
The King in His beauty they see.—CHO.

4. There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its troubles are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.—CHO.

5. The victor's crown I expect to wear,
When life's cruel warfare is o'er;
To praise and adore the Savior there,
With saints on that happy shore.—CHO.

COLLINS. 8s & 7s. Iambic.

"Ho! every one that thirsteth: Come ye to the waters!"—Is., lv. Arr'd by WM. HAYDEN, M. D., about 1840. Can't remember where or how I got this air.

S FINE. CHORUS.

1. Oh, heark - en sin - ners, we have cause To warn you of your dan - ger: Ho! ev' - ry one that thirst - eth,
We pray, be re - con - cil'd to Him Who once lay in a man - ger.

D.S. Zi - on's sons and daugh - ters!

S FINE.

D.S.

Come ye to the wa - ters! Free - ly drink, and quench your thirst, Ye

D.S.

2. That awful God who made the world,
And all the world around you,
Doth charge you with ten thousand crimes,
But hateth to confound you.—Chorus.
3. Oh seek His sanctifying grace!
He wiseth do not refuse it;
For if you seek your life to save
By sin, you're sure to lose.—Chorus.
4. The cross of Christ you have to bear,
Fearless of persecution,
Or groan you will, when this shall cease,
In darkness and confusion.—Chorus.
5. Come, all ye humble, weeping souls,
Who long to be forgiven;
Glad tidings unto you we bring
From Christ, the Lord of heaven.—Chorus.
6. There is a fountain, deep and wide,
For sin and all uncleanness;
Oh, come and wash, and be made white,
And prove the gospel's fairness.—Chorus.
7. Shall we be let of deliver you from
The knowledge of your Savior?
Believe, and you'll be justified;
Believe, and live forever.—Chorus.
8. A glorious throng have gone before,
Who sing, and shout Hosanna;
They stand around the tree of life,
And always gather manna.—Chorus.
9. Come on, ye followers of the Lamb,
Love God, and sing Hosanna;
We soon shall join the heavenly throng,
And always live on manna.—Chorus.

REV. C. WHELEY, 1740.

BENJAMIN TURNER, co-editor of this book, January 26th, 1878.



1. O Love Divine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart All ta-ken up by thee? I thirst, I faint, I

2. Strong-er His love than death or hell; Its rich-es are un-search-a-ble; The first-born sons of light De-sire in vain its



die to prove The greatness of re-deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me,

depths to see: They can-not reach the mys-ter-y, The length, the breadth, the height.

3. God only knows the love of God;
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.
4. Oh that I could forever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice!
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice!

REV. C. WESLEY. Alto by DAVID W. PARKER, of Screven Co., Ga. Hab. III, 17, 18. BENJ. TURNER, co-editor of this book, Jan. 16th, 1879.

FINE.

1. A - way, my un - be - liev - ing fear! Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Sa - vior doth not yet ap - pear, He hides the brightness of His face: But shall I there - fore let Him go

D.C. No; in the strength of Je - sus, no; I nev - er will give up my shield.

FINE.

D.C.

And base - ly to the tempt - er yield?

D.C.

2. Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race—
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1747.

JOSEPH W. FITCH, of S. C., Jan. 31st, 1878.

1. Re - joice ev - ermore with the an - gels a - bove, In Je - sus - 's pow - er, in Je - sus - 's love: With glad ex - ul - ta - tion, your

2. Thou, Lord, our re - lief, in trou - ble hast been; Hast sav'd us from grief, and hast sav'd us from sin; The pow'r of the Saviour hath

tri - umph proclaim, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to God and the Lamb.

set our hearts free, And now we in - her - it all ful - ness in Thee.

3. All fulness of peace, all fulness of joys
And spiritual bliss that never shall cloy;
To us it is given in Jesus to know
A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.
4. No longer we join, while sinners invite;
Nor envy the swine their brutish delight;
Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness, their pleasure is pain.
5. Oh might they, at last, with sorrow return,
The pleasures to taste, for which they were born;
Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, the heaven of love!

HOPE AND TRUST. 8s & 7s.

FAWCETT, of England, "Meth. Prot. Hymn-Book." "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?"—Ps., xliii, 5. Wm. HAUSER, M. D., Jan. 30th, 1878.

1. O my soul, what means this sad-ness? Wherefore art thou thus cast down? Let thy grief be turn'd to glad-ness; Bid thy rest-less fears be gone:

2. Tho' ten thou-sand hills be-set thee, Tho' thy heart is stain'd with sin, Je-sus lives; He'll ne'er for-get thee; He will make thee pure with-in:

3. Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st a thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon He'll bring thee home to God:
Thou shalt praise Him!
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

4. Oh that I could now adore Him,
Like the heavenly hosts above!
Who forever stand before Him,
And unceasing sing His love:
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

Look to Je-sus, Look to Je-sus, And re-joice in His dear name.

He is faith-ful, He is faith-ful, To per-form His gracious word.

THE GOSPEL JUBILEE.

From Eng. "Congregational Hymn-Book." W. WILLIAMS.

- O'er the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze!
All the promises do travel
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee,
Let Thy glorious morning dawn!
- Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That Divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole!
- My abroad, then mighty gospel
Win and conquer, never cease;
May Thy lasting, wide dominion,
Multiply and still increase!
Ev'ry Thy empire,
Savior, all the world around!
- Kingdom's wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And, from Eastern coast to Western,
May the morning chase the night!
And redemption
Freely purchased, win the day.
- May the glorious day, approaching,
Thine eternal love proclaim;
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy name,
O'er the leaders
Of the great Emmanuel's land!

RESURRECTION MORNING.

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Irregular, but soul-stirring.

1st time. 2d time. REFRAIN.

Omit 2d time.

1. In the res-ur-rec-tion morning We shall see the Sa-vior com-ing;
And the Chris-tian's will be shout-ing, In the Kingdom of the Lord: Are your lamps all burning? Are your

lamps all burning? Are your lamps all burning? Are your ves-sels fill'd with oil?

- Now we feel the Advent glory:
While the Savior seems to tarry,
We will comfort one another,
And be trusting in His name;
Are your garments ready?
Are your garments ready?
For the marriage of the Lamb!
- We are all a band of strangers,
Trav'ling thro' a world of dangers;
But King Jesus leads us onward,
And we'll conquer ev'ry foe;
Come, and join our army,
Come, and join our army,
Come, and join our army,
And defend the Savior's cause.
- In the midst of opposition,
We will keep the even position,
And be waiting for the promise—
For the breaking of the day;
Then we'll have deliv'rance,
Then we'll have deliv'rance,
Then we'll have deliv'rance,
Who've enlisted for the war.
- By faith we can discover
Our warfare 'll soon be over,
Then we'll glory full and free
Upon Canaan's happy shore;
When we pass over Jordan,
When we pass over Jordan,
When we pass over Jordan,
We will live to do no more.
- O ye saints of God, take courage!
Ye shall soon be free from bondage,
For the Savior leads the army,
And you'll surely gain the day;
When we gain the victory,
When we gain the victory,
When we gain the victory,
We will lay our armor by.
- Come, then, all ye valiant soldiers,
And be armed with truth and cour-
Womankind's conqueror's nation (and
Who oppose this holy war!
Let us die in the army,
Let us die in the army,
Let us die in the army,
And we'll reign above the sky.
- In the days of earth's dominion,
Christ has conquered His Kingdom;
He's not left to suffer with us,
And shall never be dethroned;
It shall stand forever,
It shall stand forever,
It shall stand forever,
And the saints possess the land.
- We will keep the ark in motion,
While we're sailing o'er the ocean;
And we'll keep ourselves all ready
To proclaim the heavenly King;
When we meet the Savior,
When we meet the Savior,
When we meet the Savior,
Then, how happy we shall be!

Words and Music from "Happy Voices," 1864.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1st time. 2d time. CHORUS.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod,
With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er

Omit 2d. time.

Flowing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gath-er at the

1st time. 2d time.

2. On the margin of the river,
Washing up the silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.—Chorus.

3. Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—Chorus.

4. At the swelling of the river,
Mirror of the Savior's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.—Chorus.

5. Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimages will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.—Chorus.

riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er, Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er, That flows by the throne of God.

SALINA, Countess of Huntingdon, Eng.

All the music, except the first three lines of the air, by WM. HAUSER, M. D., previous to 1848.

FINE.

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To call Thy ran-som'd peo-ple home, Shall I a-mong them stand? Shall I a-mong them stand?

D.S. Be found at Thy right hand? Be found at Thy right hand?

FINE.

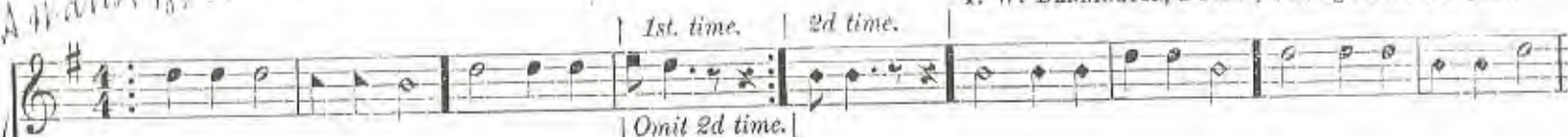
D.S.

Shall such a worth-less worm as I, Who sometimes am a-fraid to die,

D.S.

2. I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Tho' vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought:—
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call!
3. Prevent it, Lord, by Thy rich grace,
Be 'Thou my soul's sure hiding place,
In this th' accepted day:
Thy paul'ning voice oh let me hear!
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.
4. Let me among Thy saints be found,
Where'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
And see Thy smiling face:
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

T. W. DENNINGTON, a Texan, a Georgian and a Baptist.



1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet, ne'er to sev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that blows,
When will peace wreath her chain Round us for - ev - er?



2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill,
When shall sweet friendship glow, Chain - less for - ev - er?



3. Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Savior;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell!
And thine our joy be glad,
Never! no, never!



In this dark vale of woes; Nev - er! no, nev - er!



And fears of part - ing chill? Nev - er! no, nev - er!



SINNERS COME.

WM. HANSEN, M. D., May 21st, 1878.

1. Sinners come, one and all;
Come to the Savior!
Heed at once Jesus' call,
Now seek His favor!
Your hearts will then repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Ever; yes, ever.

Then joys Divine will thrill;
Then bliss each shall fill;
And fears of parting chill,
Never; no, never.

2. Then shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river;
Then shall sweet friendship glow,
Chainless, forever;

3. Up to that world of light,
Jesus, will take us;
Clothe us in garments bright,
Nor e'er forsake us;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There shall our music swell,
And thine our joy be glad,
Never; no, never.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

Air learned of SARAH HAGAN, African girl.

CHORUS.

FINE.

Chorus. Come in, come in, weary ones, come in! Come in, come in, wea-ry ones, come in! Come in, come in, weary ones, come in! The Savior bids you all, come in!

FINE.

Ch. D.C.

1. I'm the lowest of those who love Him; I'm the weakest of those who pray; But I come, just as He has bid me, And He will not turn me a-way.

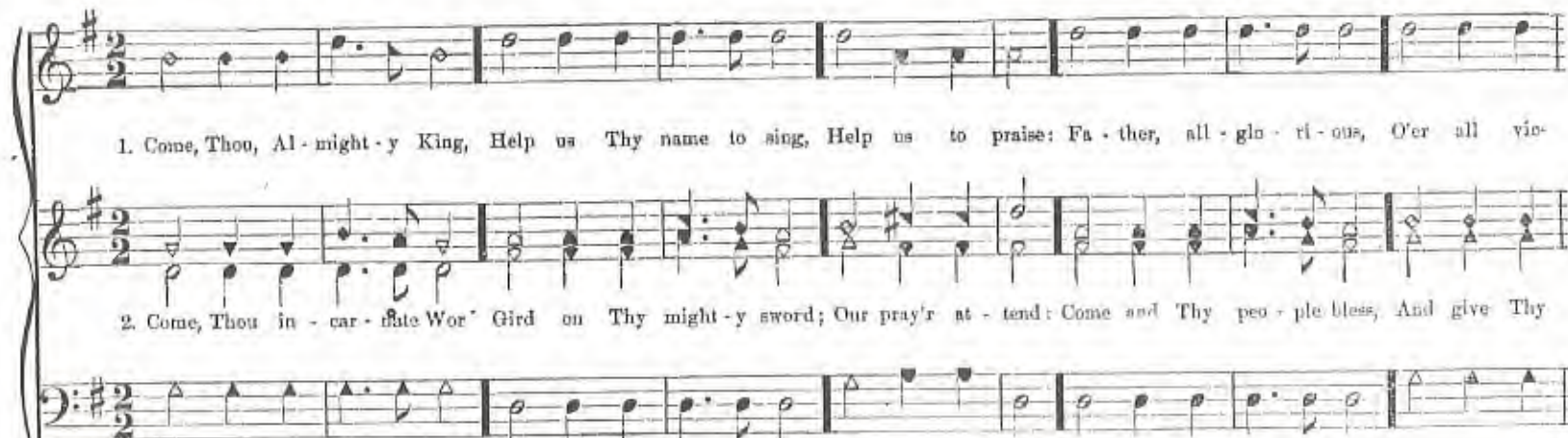
Reply of the penitent.

2. The mistakes of my life are many; And my spir-it has fed on sin; Yet the Savior has free-ly call'd me: "Come in, wea-ry one, come in!"

Ch. D.C.

3. All my sins Jesus will forgive me;
All my sins He will wash away;

And my feet, that have always stumbled,
He will guide thro' the bright gate of day.—*Chorus.*



1. Come, Thou, Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther, all-glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-

2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Wor'd Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r at-tend: Come and Thy peo-ple bless, And give Thy

3. Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who Almighty art,

Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spiral of Pow'r!

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

Copied from Baltimore Ep. Meth.

In Paed, Book III, of Clement of Alexandria, is given, in Greek, the most ancient hymn of the primitive Christians. It is there asserted, 150 years after the apostles to be of much earlier origin. It may have been sung by the "beloved disciple," before he ascended to his reward. The following imperfect version will give some idea of its spirit:



to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!

word suc-cess; Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend!

1. Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth,
Through dubious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King!
We come Thy name to sing;
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.

2. Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife!
Thou didst Thyself abate,
That, from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightst save our race,
And give us life.

3. Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love!
And in our mortal pain

None call us Thine in vain;
Help! Thou hast not disdain—
Help! from above.

4. Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our soul and song!
Jesus! Thou Christ of God!
By Thy precious word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Glory and love song!

5. So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praise on high,
And joyful sing:
Infants, and the great throng,
With Thy church holding,
Unto and with the King
To Christ our King!

CHRISTIAN, UP! 8s & 7s.

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To my esteemed friend, Rev. Wm. HARRIS, M. D., of Wadley, Ga., Author of the OLIVE LEAF. Words and Music by CHARLES H. GARRINE, of Wilton Junction, Iowa, May 16th, 1870.

1st time. *2d time.*

Omit 2d time.

1. Christian, up! the day is break-ing; Gird your read - y ar - mor on! Rouse ye! in the Lord be strong: See the

2. While ye sleep, or i - dly lin - ger, Thousanda sink, with none to save; Points to many an o - pen grave. Hark! un-

1st time. *2d time.*

Omit 2d time.

3. Lead them to the crys - tal foun - tain, Gush-ing with the streams of life; For the vale with death is rife. O'er the

blest mil - len - nium dawn-ing! Bright the beams of Bethleh'em's Star; East-ern lands be - hold the morn-ing; Lo! it glimmers from a - far.

num-ber'd voi - ces cry - ing: "Help us! or we droop and die!" Suc - cor bear the faint and dy - ing; On the wings of mer - cy fly!

moun-tain-top as - cend-ing Soon the scat-ter'd light shall rise, Till, in ra - diant glo - ry blending, Heav'n's high noon shall greet our eyes.

I LOVE THEE. 11s. Amphibrach.

J. Ingalls, 1884.

REV. JNO. ADAM GRANADE; born, 1775; died, 1808.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1st. 2d. *f* FINE.

1. I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, my Lord;
I love Thy dear people, Thy ways, and Thy word: I love Thee, I

D.C. But how much I love Thee I never can show.

1st. 2d. *f* FINE.

D.C.

love Thee, and that Thou dost know;

D.C.

2. I'm happy, I'm happy, O wordworth account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.
3. O Jesus, my Savior, with Thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy Name be my theme, and Thy love be my song!
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
4. O who's like my Savior? He's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and He loves me, and helps me to sing:
I'll praise Him and bless Him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.
5. O Jesus, my Savior! I know Thou art mine;
For Thou art the pleasure of sin I resign:
Of angels most pleasing I love Thee the best;
Without Thee I'm wretched, but with Thee I'm blessed.
6. Tho' weak and despaired, by faith I now stand,
Preserv'd and defended by Heaven's kind hand;
By Jesus supported, I'll praise His dear name,
Regardless of danger, of praise, or of blame.
7. I find Him in singing, I find Him in prayer;
In sweet meditation He always is near:
My constant companion, Oh may we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus, who dwells in my heart!

WE WILL SING.

319

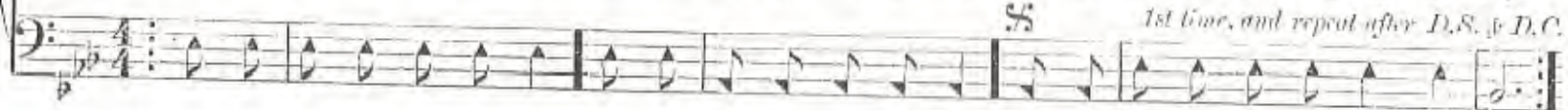
Words and tune by HENRY E. ESQLE, of West Va.



1. Lit - tle chil - dren, learn to sing, Prais - es to your, heav'n - ly King, For His suf - fer'd, bleed, and died for you;
And He's ris - en from the dead, From the grave in which He lay,



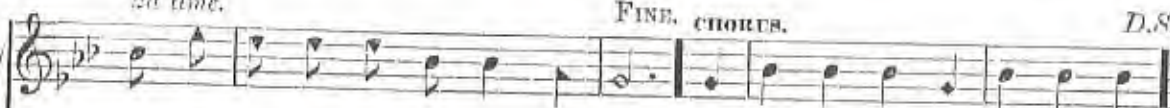
We will join the an - gel band, In that hap - py, hap - py land, D.S. Let us sing His praise, while here we stay!



2d time.

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.



And has gone to in - ter - cede for you. O sing! O sing! O sing! O sing!

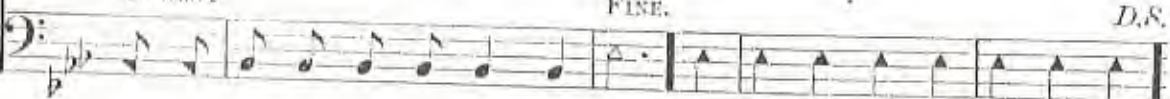


There to sing His praise thro' end - less day!

2d time.

FINE.

D.S.



2. Little children, gladly sing
Praises to your heav'nly King,
Sing, O sing! and praise His name
again;
For, if from your heart you sing
Praises to your heav'nly King,
You shall sing with Christ a heav'nly strain.—Cuo.
3. Little children, let us sing
Praises to our heav'nly King;
He will take us to our home on
high;
Where our friends, who've gone before,
Suffer pain and grief no more,
And where streams of joy are flow-
ing by.—Cuo.

FINE.

1. Thou great, mys - ter - ious God, unknown, Whose love has kind - ly led me on, E'en from my in - fant days;

D.S. tell me if I ev - er knew Thy jus - ti - fy - ing grace.

FINE.

D.S.

My in - most soul ex - pose to view, And

D.S.

2. If I have only known Thy fear,
And followed, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above,
Now, now the farther grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.
3. Short of Thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward Witness live,
That antepast of heav'n.
4. If now the Witness were in me
Would He not testify of Thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not, with faith, draw nigh,
And boldly Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself a child?
5. What'er obstructs Thy pard'ning love,
Or sin, or righteousness—remove,
Thy glory to display;
My heart of unbelief convince,
And now deliver me from my sins,
And take the veil away.
6. Father, in me reveal Thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful Thou art:
The secret of Thy love reveal,
And by Thy hallowed Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart.

S

FINE.

1. Come on, my part - ners in dis - tress, My com - rades thro' the wil - der - ness, Who still your bod - ies feel;

D.S. look be - yond this vale of tears, To that Ce - les - tial hill.

S FINE.

A - while for - get your griefs and fears, And

D.S.

2. Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heav'nly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3. Who suffer with our master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all who to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4. Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirit up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here will soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5. That Great, Mysterious Deity,
We soon, with open face, shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill heav'n's sounding courts with
And wide diffuse the golden blaze [praise,
Of everlasting light.

6. The Father, shining on His throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and sev'n,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before His feet,
And silence heightens heav'n.

7. In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at Thy footstool fall;
Till Thou our hidden life reveal,
Till Thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is All in All.

Three Indian students at Dartmouth College, N. H., were the origin of this piece.

Arr'd by WM. WALKER and WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a - gain? Oft shall glow - ing hope ex - pire, Oft shall wea - ried love re - tire,

2. Tho' in dis - tant lands we sigh, Part'd be - neath a hos - tile sky, Tho' the deep be - tween us rolls, Friend - ship shall a - nite our souls;

Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

And in Fan - cy's wide do - main, Oft shall we all meet a - gain.

3. When our burnished locks are gray,
Chinned by many a toll-spent day,
When, around the youthful pine,
Moss shall creep, and Ivy twine,
Long may the loved bower remain,
Ere we all shall meet again!

4. When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When, in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again!

A PRAYER.

By "ISOLINE," of Val Dosta, Ga.

1. When, before my spirit's eye,
Dreams and fancies flicker by,
If earth's scenes, so bright and gay,
Tempt my soul from Thee to stray,
By Thy Spirit may I be
Drawn, my Savior, nearer Thee!

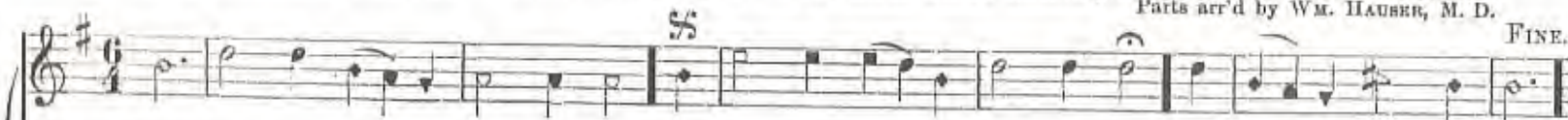
2. If, around my chequered way,
Aught would fill me with dismay,
If temptations, like a flood,
Seek to drive me from my God;
E'en that moment, let me see
Nearer Jesus, nearer Thee!

3. Then dost know, my feeble frame:
(Thou unchangeable, the same,
Thou didst feel the tempter's power,
In his darkest, fiercest hour:
Thou didst die, that I might be,
By Thy cross, drawn near to Thee.

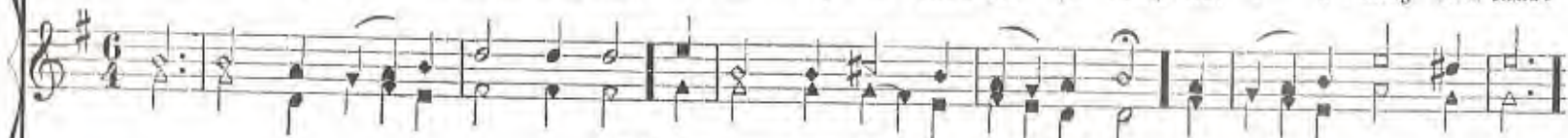
4. May Thy love constrain my heart;
Let me ne'er from Thee depart:
Ne'er Thy Holy Spirit grieve;
Ne'er the living waters leave;
Hold me, Savior! let me be
Every evening nearer Thee!

LADY SALINA HUNTINGTON, about 1750.

This solemn old tune is called for BISHOP ELIJAH HEDDING, Methodist, with whom it was a favorite.
Parts arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.



1. When Thou, my right-eous Judge, shalt come, To call Thy ran-som'd peo-ple home, Shall I a-mong them stand?



D.S. Who some-times am a-fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?



Shall such a worth-less worm as I,



2. I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Tho' vilest of them all ;
But can I bear the piercing thought ;
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call ?

3. Prevent it, Lord, by Thy rich grace !
Be Thou my soul's sure hiding place,
In this, th' accepted, day !
Thy pard'ning voice oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear ;
Nor let me fall, I pray !

4. Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
And see Thy smiling face ;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sov'reign grace !

ROCK OF AGES, with Chorus.

WM. B. BRADBURY,* Arr'd by WM. HAUSSER, M. D.

1. Droop-ing soul, shake off thy fears! Fear-ful soul, be strong, be bold! Tar-ry till the Lord ap-pears,

Chorus. D.S. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me,

FINE. CHORUS.

Nev-er, nev-er quit thy hold! Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Rock of A-ges, cleft for me,

Let me hide my-self in Thee!

FINE.

2. Murmur not at His delay,
Dare not set thy God a time;
Calmly for His coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to Him.—Chor.

6. I shall His salvation see;
I, in faith, on Jesus call;
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.—Chor.

3. Fainting soul, be bold, be strong!
Wait the pleasure of thy Lord:
Tho' it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is His word.—Chor.

7. Lord, my time is in Thy hand;
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely Thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesus' name.—Chor.

4. On His word my soul I cast;
(He cannot Himself deny!)
Surely it shall speak at last;
It shall speak, and shall not fail.

8. Savior, in temptation, Thou,
Thou hast sav'd me, heretofore;
Thou hast sav'd me now;
Thou shalt save me evermore.—Chor.

5. Ev'ry one that seeks shall find;
Ev'ry one that asks shall have;
Christ, the Savior of mankind,
Willing, able, all to save.—Chor.

* Not having access to Mr. Bradbury's copy, or Jno. A. Shawalter's arrangement, I was compelled to make one of my own.



1. There is no night in heav'n; no sleep-ing; There no sor-row there; no weep-ing: No gath'-ring shades, no skies be cloud-ed;



2. There is no pain in heav'n, nor anguish; No wea-ry pil-grims faint, or languish: No mean-ing winds are ev-er sigh-ing



No strick-en hearts in gloom enshrouded; 'Tis sweet to dream of heav'n!



Sad dirg-es for the dead, or dy-ing: How sweet to think of heav'n!



3. There are no graves in heav'n, no dying;
No cherish'd ones on sick-beds lying;
No midnight watchings dark and dreary;
No travelers way-worn and weary:
'Tis sweet to dream of heav'n!

4. Faith looks beyond the tomb's dark portals,
And views, with joy, the blest immortals,
Who tread those plains and fields Elysian:
How sweet the thought! How blest the vision!
Eternal bliss in heav'n!

From *Church Intelligencer*. Handed me by PROF. WM. C. DOUB, of Trinity College, N. C.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., Friday night, June 20th, 1874.



1. Be - yond these chill - ing winds and gloom - y skies, Be - yond death's cloud - y por - tal, There is a land where

2. A land whose light is nev - er dimm'd by shade, Whose fields are ev - er ver - nal; Where noth - ing beau - ti -



beau - ty nev - er dies, And love beams on im - mor - tal,

ful can ev - er fade, But lives for aye, e - ter - nal.

3. We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Thro' those enchanting bowers.
4. The city's shining tow'rs we may not see,
With our dim, mundane vision;
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key,
That opens the bright Elysian.
5. But sometimes, when adown the Western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
The golden gates swing inward, tunelessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.
6. And while they stand a moment, half ajar,
Gleams, from the inner glory,
Stream brightly thro' the azure vault afar,
And half reveal its story.
7. O land unknown! O land of love Divine!—
Father All-wise, Eternal,
Guide, guide these wand'ring, way-worn feet of mine,
To those sweet valleys vernal!

REV. THOS. OLIVERS, of Eng., 1773.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., Feb. 7th, 1875.

1. The God of A - brahm praise, Who reigns en - thron'd a - bove, An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days,

D.S. By earth and heav'n con - feet, I bow and bless the sa - cred Name,

FINE. *D.S.*

And God of love; Je - ho - vah, GREAT I AM,

For - ev - er bless'd,

FINE. *D.S.*

2. The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand :
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r ;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.
3. The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all His ways :
He calls a worm His friend !
He calls Himself my God !
And He will save me to the end,
'Thro' Jesus' blood.
4. He by Himself hath sworn,
(I on His oath depend,)
I shall, on angel wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend :
I shall behold His face,
I shall His pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
Forever more.

REV. THOS. OLIVERS, 1772.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., April and May, 1866.

FINE.

1. Tho' na - ture's strength de - cay, And earth and hell with - stand, To Ca - naan's bounds I urge my way, At His com - mand:

D.S. And thro' the howl - ing wil - der - ness My way pur - sue. *FINE.*

D.S.

The wa - t'ry deep I pass, With Je - sus in my view;

D.S.

2. The gently land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow;
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crown'd.
3. There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace;
On Zion's sacred height,
His Kingdom still maintains;
And, glorious with His saints in light,
Forever reigns.
4. He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

Third part. THOMAS OLIVERS, of England, 1772.

Air by GOULD. Parts arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1. The God who reigns on high, The great arch-an-gels sing, And, "Ho - ly! ho - ly! ho - ly!" cry, All might-y King! Who was, and is, the same,

And ev - er-more shall be; Je - ho - vah, Father, GREAT I AM, We wor - ship Thee.

2. Before the Savior's face
 The ransom'd nations bow;
 O'erwhelmed at His Almighty grace,
 Forever new:
 He shows His prints of love;
 They kindle to a flame,
 And sound, thro' all the worlds above,
 The slaughtered Lamb.
3. The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high;
 "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
 They ever cry.
 Hail, Abra'm's God, and mine!
 (I join the heavenly lays,
 All might and majesty are Thine,
 And endless praise!

Robert Taylor, or 1782.

Walker, 1830?

FINE

1. A few more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and cares shall end; Then I shall see my God and Friend, And praise His name on high:

D.S. But God, and Christ, and heav'n appear Un - to the raptur'd eye.

FINE

D.S.

No more to sigh, nor shed a tear, No more to suf - fer pain, or - fear,

D.S.

2. Then, O my soul, despond no more,
The storms of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall find the peaceful shore
Of everlasting rest.
O happy day! O joyful hour, (how's
When, freed from earth, my soul shall
Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r,
To be forever blest!
3. My soul anticipates the day—
I'd joyfully the call obey,
Which summons to summon me away
To seats prepared above:
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in His beloved embrace,
And taste the fulness of His grace,
And sing redeeming love.
4. Tho' dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's black billows roll before,
Yet still, by faith, I see the shore,
Beyond the swelling flood.
The heav'nly Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my raptur'd eyes appear;
It makes me almost think I'm there,
In yonder bright abode.
5. To earthly cares I'd say farewell,
And triumph o'er death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise th' Eternal Three.
I'll join with those who've gone before,
Who sing and shout their full rapture o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.
6. A lie, ye seekers of gold and more,
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments grow!
A better world's in view:
My Saviour calls—I haste away,
I would not here forever stay:
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day;
Vain world, once more adieu!

Pretty and old theme.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.,

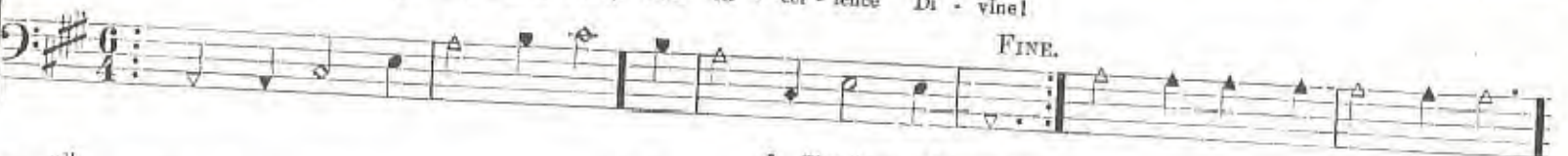
FINE.



1. None is like Jesh - u - run's God, So great, so strong, so high:
Lo! He spreads His wings a - broad, He rides up - on the sky: Is - rael - is His first - born son:



D.C. See Him to thy help come down, The ex - cel - lence Di - vine!



FINE.



D.C.

God, th' Al - mighty - y God, is thine:



D.C.

2. Thee the great Jehovah designs
To succor and defend;
Thee th' Eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and Thy Friend;
Israel, what hast thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee, and beneath, are spread
The everlasting arms.

3. God is thine: Alas! in fear
The enemy within:
God shall in thy flesh appear,
And make no end of sin;
God the men of sin shall slay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy;
God shall thrust him out, and say,
"Destroy them all! destroy!"

4. All thy struggle thou hast o'er,
And wars and fightings cease;
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace:
All his enemies are gone;
Sin shall have in him no part;
Israel now shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.

5. In a land of corn and wine
His lot shall be begun;
Comforts there, and blessings join,
And milk and honey flow;
Jacob's well is in his soul;
Gracious down his heavenly dews,
Fill his soul, already full,
And shall forever fill.

6. Hark, O Israel art thou!
What people is like thee?
Sav'd from sin, by Jesus, now
Thou art, and still shalt be;
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield;
Jesus is thy flaming sword,
Earth, and hell, and sin, shall yield
To God's Almighty word.

FINE.

1. En - com - pass'd with clouds of dia - tress, Just read - y all hope to re - sign,
I pant for the light of Thy face, But fear it will nev - er be mine: Dis - heart - en'd with

D.C. All plain - tive I pour out my song, And stretch forth my hands un - to God.

FINE.

wait - ing so long, I sink at Thy feet with my load;

*D.C.**D.C.*

2. Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease:
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace—
The Rock that is higher than I.
Speak, Saviour! for sweet is Thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold;
Attend to my sorrows and cries—
My groanings that cannot be told.
3. If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on Thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harassed, and cast from Thy sight,
The tempter suggests, with a roar,
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite,
Thy God will be gracious no more."
4. Yet, Lord, if Thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for Thee?
Almighty to rescue Thine art!
Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
Come, succor and gladden my heart;
Let this be the day of Thy pow'r.

MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL. 8s & 7s.

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REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH, Baptist, Boston, Mass.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D. Air learned in Burke Co., Ga., 1841.

FINE.



1. Yea, my na - tive land, I love Thee; All thy scenes, I love them well:
Friends, con - nec - tions, hap - py coun - try— Can I bid you all fare - well! Can I leave you! Can I



D.S. Can I leave you! Far in hea - then lands to dwell?



FINE.

D.S.



leave you! Far in hea - then lands to dwell? Can I leave you!



D.S.



2. Home, thy joys are passing lovely;
Joy's no stranger heart can tell:
Happy home! indeed I love thee:
Can I, can I say, "Farewell!"
Can I leave thee, etc.
3. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell—
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure—
Can I say a last farewell!
Can I leave you, etc.
4. Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows bear me!
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee, etc.
5. In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains, let me tell,
How He died, (the blessed Savior!)
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten, let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell,
Let me hasten, let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
6. Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let thy winds my canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee, glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell! farewell!
Glad I bid thee, glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell! farewell!

CROWN HIM. C. M.

REV. ED. PERCETT, English Dissenter, 1789.

R. A. GLEN, of Illinois. From his "Melodies of Praise."

FINE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall! Bring forth the roy-al Di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all!

D.S. Bring forth the roy-al Di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all!

FINE.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all,

And crown, And crown Him Lord of all,

And crown Him Lord of all,

D.S.

And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all,

2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Exalt the stem of Jesse's Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!—*Cho.*
3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!—*Cho.*
4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go! spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!—*Chor.*
5. Hallel, men, and girls, who know His love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now joy with all the hosts above,
And crown Him Lord of all!—*Cho.*
6. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!—*Cho.*
7. Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!—*Chor.*

—FROM REV. CHAS. H. SPENCER'S Hymn-Book.

COME YE DISCONSOLATE, No. 1. 11s & 10s. Trochaic.

335

TOM MOORE, of Erin.

Sing, or omit, Alto and Tenor, except in the chorus.

WEBB, of England.

Second time, Chorus.



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where e'er ye lan - guish, Come, at the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel! Here bring your wounded hearts;



2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing; Hope, when all oth - ers die, fade - less and pure; Here speaks the Comfort - er,

Second time, Chorus.



FIN.



here tell your an - guish; Earth hath no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal,



In mer - cy, say - ing: "Earth hath no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure."

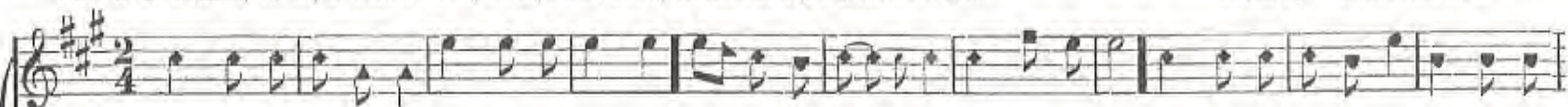
FIN.



3. Here see the the bread of life;
See waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God,
Living and pure;
Come to the feast of love;
Come, ever knowing
Earth hath no sorrow
That heav'n cannot cure.

Rest in Jesus.—Matt., xi, 28, 29.

REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D., of Ocean Grove, N. J., June, 1873; written at my request.—W. H.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D. *1848.*

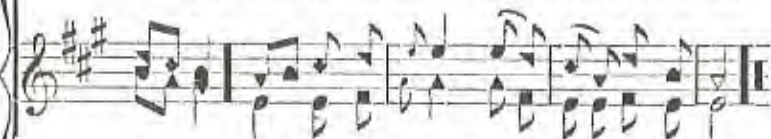
1. Come, all ye burden'd ones, come, in your sad - ness, Bathed in your tears, and with sor - row oppress'd; Sin bows the spir - it down; Je - sus brings



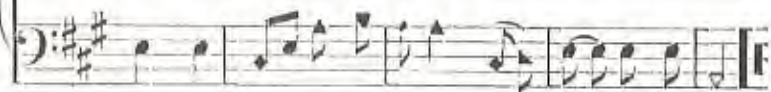
2. Come, all ye pen - i - tents; hope for the dy - ing Fills all the soul, when our sins are confess'd; Come, then, on Je - sus' blood ful - ly re -



glad - ness; Hear ye His blessed words: "I'll give you rest."



ly - ing. Sin shall be pardon'd, and you shall find rest.



3. Come ye desponding souls, doubt Him no longer,
All things are ready, and you may be blest;
Come in your weakness now, He'll make you stronger;
Weary of earth and sin, He'll give you rest.
4. Pilgrims of Jesus, come; let nothing sever;
Love Him with all your heart; trust, and be blest;
Bask in the smile of God, love Him forever,
And thro' eternity you shall have rest.

Arr'd by WM. HAUBER, M. D., April 29th, 1870.

1. Judgment day is roll - ing on, Judgment day is roll - ing on, Judgment day is roll - ing on, As fast as time can move.

2. Wives and hus - bands there shall part, Wives and hus - bands there shall part, Wives and hus - bands there shall part, Will part to meet no more.

CHORUS.

Oh! there will be mourn - ing, mourning, mourning, mourn - ing, Oh! there will be mourn - ing, At the Judg - ment seat of Christ!

3. Parents and children, etc.

4. Brothers and sisters, etc.

5. Pastors and people, etc.

NOW SING THE JOYOUS SIDE, WITH EVERY VERSE, THUS:

1. Judgment day is rolling on,
 2. Wives and husbands then shall meet,
 3. Parents and children, etc.—Chorus.
- Chorus. Oh there will be shouting,
 Wives and husbands then shall meet,
 4. Brothers and sisters, etc.—Chorus.
- Judgment day is rolling on,
 Shouting, shouting, shouting,
 Wives and husbands then shall meet,
 5. Pastors and people, etc.—Chorus.
- Oh there will be shouting,
 Wives and husbands then shall meet,
 6. Pastors and people, etc.—Chorus.
- Judgment day is rolling on,
 At the Judgment seat of Christ!
 Shall meet to part no more,
 7. Pastors and people, etc.—Chorus.
- And we shall all be there!

SAINTS BOUND FOR HEAVEN.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSSE, M. D.

S *1st time.* *2d time, & FINE.*

1. Our bond-age it will end, By and by, by and by, By and by, From E-gypt's yoke set free,
Our bond-age it will end,

D.S. Ca-naan we'll re-turn, By and by, by and by. By and by.
Ca-naan we'll re-turn,

S *FINE.*

D.S. 2. Our Deliverer will come, by and by, by and by, 5. And when to Jordan's flood we are come, we are come,
Our Deliverer will come by and by;
And our sorrows have an end,
With our threescore years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by, by and by,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by.

Hail the glo-rious Ju-bi-lee! And to

3. Tho' our enemies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on,
Tho' our enemies are strong, we'll go on;
Tho' our hearts be shorn with fear,
Lo! Saint's God is near;
While the grey pillar moves we'll go on, we'll go on,
While the grey pillar moves we'll go on.

6. Then friends shall meet again, who have loved, who have loved,
Then friends shall meet again, who have loved,
Our embraces will be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved, who have loved,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

D.S. 4. Tho' bitter Marah's stream, we'll go on, we'll go on,
Tho' bitter Marah's stream, we'll go on;
Tho' Isaac's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply,
To a land of corn and wine we'll go on, we'll go on,
To a land of corn and wine we'll go on.

7. Then with all the happy throng we'll rejoice, we'll rejoice,
Then with all the happy throng we'll rejoice,
Shouting, "Victory to our King!"
While the vaults of heaven ring;
And thro' all eternity we'll rejoice, we'll rejoice,
And thro' all eternity we'll rejoice.

E. JEFFER.

JAMES CALVIN BUSHEY, of Holmesville, Ohio.

1st. 2d time. CHORUS.

1. There is a home be-yond the flood, And Je-sus is the Light;
The glo-rious cit-y of our God, Where there's no gloom of night. In that beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful,
In that beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful,

1st time. 2d time, & FINE.

2. Let's watch, by faith, the Morning Star,
Which now is rising high;
Soon will these golden gates, ajar,
Ope wide for you and I.—Chorus.

1st time. 2d time, & FINE.

3. Then we'll see floods of golden light,
With holy beauties rare,
There burst upon our spirit-sight,
In heaven over there.—Chorus.

WAITING FOR ME.* 8s. Amphibrach.

JNO. SPURGEON.

JAMES CALVIN BUSHEY, Holmesville, Ohio.

1st time. 2d time. CHORUS.

1. Oh, when we are call'd by the an-gels of light, The ev-er-bright mansions to see, Be watching and waiting for
Will an-y kinds friends, at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be waiting and watch - - - ing for me?

1st time. 2d time.

Be wait - - ing for

Omit 2d time.

me, for me, Be waiting and watching for me? Will an-y one be! at the beau-ti-ful gate, Both watching and waiting for me?

me? Be wait - - ing for me? Will an-y one be, at the beau-ti-ful gate, Both watching and waiting for me?

2. We know we have met with some now over there;
From sorrow and sin they are free;
Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?—Chorus.

3. And many we see that are youthful in years,
Who soon must cross over the sea;
Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?—Chorus.

* Beautiful tune. Reminds of the "Old Cabin Home."

LONE PILGRIM. 5s, 6s, 9s, or 11s & 9s. Anapæstic.

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REV. C. WESLEY.

Air, I suspect, by the late REV. WM. ARNOLD, of Ga. Arr'd by WM. HAUBER, M. D.

1. O how hap - py are they, Who the Sa - vior o - bey, And have laid up their treas - ure a - bove! Tongue can - not ex - press

2. That com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor Di - vine I first found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it be - liev'd,

The sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

What a joy I re - ceiv'd! What a hea - ven in Je - sus - 's name.

3. 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of Sinners adore.

4. Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
Oh that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me!

5. On the wings of His love
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6. I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7. O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior purchas'd
I was perfectly bless'd,
As if filled with the fulness of God!

REV. C. WESLEY, 1767.



1. How hap - py are we, Who in Je - sus, a - gree To ex - pect His re - turn from a - bove! We sit un - der His vine,

2. How pleas - ant and sweet, In His name when we meet, Is His fruit to our spir - it - ual taste! We are ban - quet - ed here,



And de - light - ful - ly join In the praise of His ex - cel - lent love.

On an - gel - - cal cheer, And the joys that e - ter - nal - ly last.

3. Invited by Him,
We drink of the stream
Ever flowing in hills, from the
throne!
Who in Jesus believe
We the Spirit receive
That proceeds from the Father
and Son.

4. The unspeakable grace
He obtained for our race,
And the Spirit of faith His im -
parts!
Then, then we condescend,
How to be yet they live,
In the kingdom of God in our
hearts.

5. True believers have seen
The Savior of men,
As His head upon Calvary bow'd!
We shall see Him again,
When, with all His bright
train,
He descends on the luminous
cloud.

6. We remember the word
Of our crucified Lord
When He went to prepare us a
place:
"I will come in that day,
And transport you away,
And admit to a sight of My
face."

7. With earnest desire
After Thee we aspire,
And long Thy appearing to see;
Till our souls Thee receive,
In Thy presence to live,
And be perfectly happy in Thee.

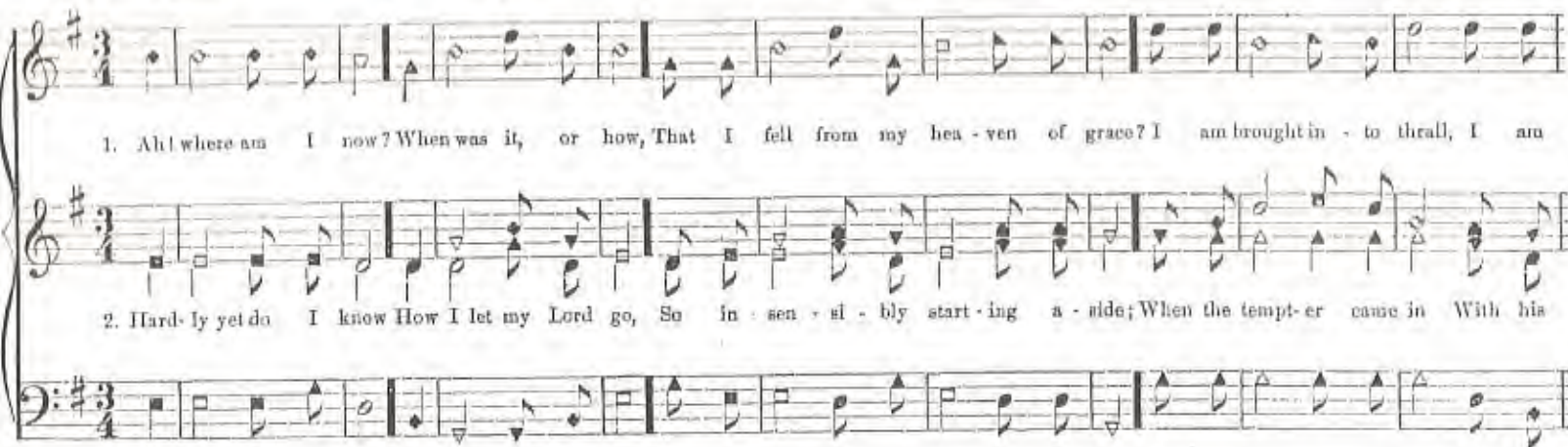
8. Come, Lord, from the skies,
And command us to rise,
Ready made for the mansion
above!
With our head to ascend,
And eternally spend
In a rapture of heavenly love.

BACKSLIDER'S SORROW. 5s, 6s & 9s. Anapæstic.

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REV. C. WESLEY.

The plaintive notes of this tune came to heart, with the accompanying hymn, 1843. WM. HAUSER, M. D.



1. Ah! where am I now? When was it, or how, That I fell from my hea - ven of grace? I am brought in - to thrall, I am

2. Hard - ly yet do I know How I let my Lord go, So in - sen - si - bly start - ing a - side; When the tempt - er came in With his



stripp'd of my all, I am ban - ish'd from Je - sus - 's face.

own sub - tile sin, And in - fec - ed my spir - it with pride.

3. But I felt it too soon,
That my Savior was gone,
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight;
My triumph and boast
On a sudden were lost,
And my day it was turn'd into night.

4. Only pride could destroy
That innocent joy,
And make my Redeemer depart
But while'er was the cause,
I lament the sad loss,
For the veil is come over my heart.

5. "Ah! wretch that I am!"
I can only exclaim,
Like a devil, tormented within;
My Savior is gone,
And has left me alone,
To the fury of Satan and sin.

6. Nothing now can relieve;
Without comfort, I grieve:
I have lost all my peace and my power;

No access do I find
To the Friend of mankind;
I can ask for His mercy no more.

7. Tongue cannot declare
The torment I bear,
While I stand to my troubles I see;
Only Adam could tell,
On the day that he fell,
And was turned out of Eden like me.

8. Driven out from my God,
I wander abroad;
There's a desert of sorrow I rave;
How great is my pain,
That I cannot regain
My Eden of Jesus's love!

9. I never shall rise
To my first paradise,
Or enter my Father's house;
But I feel a land I pass
That at last He will stoop,
And His pity will bring Him to me.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1741.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., May 11th, 1874.

1. Thy faith - ful - ness, Lord, Each mo - ment we find, So true to Thy word, So lov - ing and kind; Thy mer - cy so

2. The mer - cy I feel To oth - ers I show, And set to my seal That Je - sus is true: Ye all may find

ten - der To all the lost race, The vil - est of - fend - er May turn and find grace,

fa - vor, Who come at His call; Oh, come to the Sa - vior! His grace is for all.

3. To save what was lost,
From heaven He came;
Come sinners, and trust
In Jesus's name;
He offers you pardon;
He bids you be free:
"If sin be your burden,
Oh come unto me!"
4. Oh, let me commend
My Savior to you;
The publican's Friend,
And Advocate too:
For you He is pleading
His merits and death;
With God interceding
For sinners beneath.
5. Then let us submit
His grace to receive;
Fall down at His feet,
And gladly believe:
We all are forgiven,
For Jesus's sake:
Our title to heaven,
His merits, we take.

WM. HAUSER, M. D. The 4th verse of this psalm was the inspiration of this tune, perhaps about 1858.

1. Up - ward I lift mine eyes; From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies, And earth and na - ture made: God is the tow'r To which I fly,

2. My feet shall nev - er slide, And fall in fa - tal snares,
Since God, my Guard and Guide, De - fends me from my fears: Those wake - ful eyes That nev - er sleep,

His [grace is nigh In ev - 'ry hour,

Shall Is - rael keep When dan - gers rise,

3. No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my Sun,
And Thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4. Hast Thou not giv'n Thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust the Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

TRUST IN GOD.

WATTS—Ps. 136.

1. Give thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings:
And be His grace adored!
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let His name
Have endless praise.

2. How mighty is His hand!
What wonders hath He done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides Thy word.

3. He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And said the sad state
The ruined world was in:

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides Thy word.

4. He sent His only Son,
To save us from our sin,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every fearful foe.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let His name
Have endless praise.

5. Give thanks to God aloud,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides Thy word.

CHORUS.

1. Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore; } Lift up your heart,
Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er more: } Lift up your voice! Re - joice a - loud, ye

2. Re - joice! the Sa - vior reigns, The God of truth and love;
When He had purg'd our stains He took His seat a - bove: Chorus.

saints re - joice! Re - joice! a - gain I say, Re - joice!

3. His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell,
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice!
Rejoice again I say, rejoice!
4. He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice!
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice!
5. Rejoice in glorious love!
Jesus the Judge will come,
And take His servants up,
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The tramp of God shall sound, rejoice!
The tramp of God shall sound, rejoice!

X GATHERING CLOUDS. L. P. M.

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REV. GEO. W. BETHUNE, D.D., Dutch Reformed minister. The last thing he ever wrote; on the day before his death. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M.D.,

1. When time seems short, and death is near, And I am press'd with doubt and fear,
And sins, an o - ver - flow - ing tide, As - sail my peace on ev - 'ry side, This thought my ref - uge still shall be:

I know the Sa - vior died for me, I know the Sa - vior died for me.

2. His name is Jesus, and He died—
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die, that He might win
Their ransom from the death of sin.
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know He died for me.
3. If grace were bought, I could not buy:
If grace were earned, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death.
Yet, since I know His grace is free,
I know the Savior died for me.
4. I read God's holy word, and find
Great truths that far transcend my mind,
And little do I know beside
Of thought so high, and deep, and wide.
This is my best theology,
I know the Savior died for me.
5. My faith is weak, but 'tis Thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say, "Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by Me are all forgiven,
And thou shalt live from guilt set free—
For I, thy Savior, died for thee."

CONFIDENCE. H. M. Iambic.

J. P. Barrett, 1824.

Arr'd by Wm. Hauser, M. D.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1743.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - y fears! } Be - fore the throne my sure - ty stands,
The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:

2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; } His blood a - tones for all our race,
His all re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead:

My name is writ - ten on His hands.

And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.

3. Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me: [cry,
"Forgive Him! Oh forgive!" they
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!"

4. The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5. My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

1. Come a - way to the skies, And re - joice in the day thou wast born; On this fes - ti - val day, Come ex -
My be - lov - ed a - rise,

1. We have laid up our love, Tho' our bod - ies con - tin - ue be - low: The re - deem'd of the Lord, We re -

And our treas - ures, a - bove,

ult - ing a - way, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn.

mem - ber His word, And with sing - ing to Par - a - dise go.

3. With singing we praise The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd;
Our being receive From His bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.
4. For Thy glory we are Created to share,
Both the nature and kingdom Divine;
Created again, That our souls may remain
In time and eternity Thine.
5. With thanks we approve The design of Thy love,
Which hath joined us in Jesus's name;
So united in heart, That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
6. There, there at His feet, We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly choirs,
And our Savior in glory adore.
7. Hallelujah we sing, To our Father and King,
And His rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at His feet!
8. In assurance of hope, We to Jesus look up,
Till His banner, unfurled in the air,
From our graves we shall see, And cry out, "It is He!"
And fly up to acknowledge Him there.